



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

would take it upon himself; nor could twenty guineas move the under secretary to vary the name; for I feared it might be looked on as vanity in me, and not as respect in the king to my father, as it really was."

INCIDENTAL TESTIMONIES AGAINST WAR.

Tour in Great Britain, &c. By H. HUMPHREY, D. D., President of Amherst College.

Such testimonies are so fast multiplying on every side, that we could, if we chose, fill our entire work with them. Even history and poetry, devoted for thousands of years to the eulogy of war, are at length beginning to denounce it as the chief disgrace and curse of mankind. Literature is becoming, not so much from set purpose as from unconscious sympathy with the spirit of the age, a handmaid of peace; and rarely do we find in any work, except perhaps a journal of the army or navy, allusions to war in any other than tones of contempt, indignation or regret.

These cheering tendencies of the age we have been anxious to illustrate by larger and more frequent extracts from contemporary writers than our narrow limits would allow. We have long had our eye for this purpose on the volumes now before us, but have been obliged not only to neglect these, but to omit not a few notices we had prepared of other works containing similar attestations to the excellence of our principles, and the importance of our cause. Few pens in any age or country, have done better service for mankind, than that of Dr. Humphrey; and we are glad to find him so uniformly right in his feelings on this subject, and so ready to lend his powerful voice in extending and deepening the popular abhorrence of war.

VISIT TO WATERLOO.

"I have been to Waterloo, and my soul is sick. Every one who has the heart of a Christian or a philanthropist within him, will readily conceive, that as I stood over this grave-yard of two mighty armies, and looked first at the ground, and then at the plan of the battle, I was oppressed by such a throng of rushing thoughts, as can never be adequately expressed, and that when I descended from this watchtower of death, and walked slowly away, I could not help exclaiming, O Lord, what is man? What is he in the boundlessness of his ambition,—in his wrath,—in the pride of his power,—in his cruelty to his own flesh, and in his contempt of the law of his God.

"And is this the very spot on which the most remarkable man of his age staked his diadem, and in defence of which so many thousands of the bravest of the brave poured out their blood? Is it true history, or is it fable, that I have so often read? How calm and peaceful is every thing now, as if the breath of mortal strife had never caused so much as a leaf to tremble! How benign is the radiance which looks down upon it to-day! Did the instruments of death ever flash in beams so bright? Did the sun of Waterloo ever mourn in sackcloth over the carnage of a great battle? Now, in conscious security, the peasantry are here at their work. The ripening harvest is here, and soon will the reapers be here to gather it in, and return with 'joy, bringing their sheaves with them.'

"But *Aceldama* is the proper name of this field. For here two mighty armies met, steel to steel. Here, flying from rank to rank, went forth the dreadful note of preparation; and the war-horse 'pawed in the valley, and went on to meet the armed men.' Here broke forth 'the thunder of the captains, and the shouting, and here were the garments rolled in blood.' Here was the shock of those veterans who had conquered Europe on one side, and of those lion hearts which, from the cliffs of their own little island, had bid defiance to the conqueror on the other. Here raged, from hour to hour, of awful uncertainty, that iron storm, which threatened to beat down every living thing into the dust. Here thousands upon thousands fell, to rise no more. From this gory field, went up the voices of the wounded and the dying, and entered into the ears of him who hath said, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' Here the victor in a hundred battles, played his last game. Here at the close of that day, the star of Napoleon went down 'in the blackness of darkness for ever.'

"'It was a glorious battle!' So said the warrior,—so said the politician,—so said the moralist,—so said the republican,—so said the Christian,—so said the united voice of Europe and America. But as a Christian, as a philanthropist, as a man, I protest against this decision. Before heaven and earth I *protest against it*. There is no true glory in slaying *forty thousand men* in one day, and maiming as many more. That terrible battle ought never to have been fought. Does any one meet me here, and say it was necessary? Who, I demand, created that necessity? Nothing but human depravity could ever have made such a battle necessary. I do not undertake to decide where the guilt lay. That is quite another question. But war is an incarnate demon. War is wholesale murder, and it is impossible for murder to come from him who hath said, 'Thou shalt not kill.' The field of Waterloo ought never to have been heard of by the civilized world; and, were the principles of the Christian religion to control the councils of states and kingdoms, no such murderous conflict would ever again disgrace the pages of history.

"But still, it was a glorious victory! It was glorious to be wounded there, to die there; and to be buried there, was to sleep in the bed of glory! It was glorious intelligence that flew from nation to nation, from continent to continent! Yes, it was as glorious as the slaughter of *forty thousand men* could make it! For when the news reached England, as I well remember to have read in the papers,

the Park and Tower guns were fired, and there was great public feasting and rejoicing throughout the land. Yes; there was a flood of glory. Was there nothing else? Where were the widows, and parents, and sisters, and orphans, of those who were slaughtered at Waterloo? Could the roar of cannon, and the ringing of bells assuage their grief? Could the general rejoicing bring back their husbands, fathers, sons and brothers? Glorious as that great victory was in the eyes of the nation, it was tears, and agony, and death to the bereaved.

“‘Is war, then, never justifiable?’ One thing is certain, it could never take place, were the great law of love to be recognized as the universal law of nations. No battle was ever fought, or ever will be, without involving the guilt of murder. It may be on one side or on both; but the stain of blood guiltiness is certainly there, and no rivers can wash it out. How fearful, then, must be the responsibility of whetting the sword upon a point of honor, or making aggressive war under any circumstances whatever. And how will those professed disciples of the Prince of peace, who either foment, or justify, or cherish a war spirit, meet him in the great day?

“‘But hark! what sound is it that breaks over the field of Waterloo? Look! what heaving of the earth! No,—I anticipate. I hear no voice as yet,—I see no moving of the sleeping dust. But the trumpet *will* sound over this field of blood, and the dead will awake. All the thousands that lie buried here, will come forth from their graves, and will be summoned to the judgment bar. Officers and common soldiers must hear and obey the summons alike. And at the same bar will they meet all those who kindled the war in which they perished. Kings, privy counsellors, military commanders, will all be there. And I have the most solemn conviction, that before that dread tribunal, every mortal wound at Waterloo will be held and adjudged as a clear case of murder, the guilt of which must rest somewhere. In whose skirts, or in the skirts of how many, the blood of that most bloody day will be found, it belongs to no mortal absolutely to decide; but the Judge will know, and when the final sentence comes to be pronounced, the universe will know. O, how fearful a thing will it be, under such circumstances, to ‘fall into the hands of the living God.’”

WHENCE THE BURDENS OF THE OLD WORLD.

Of these burdens, the people of our country can form no adequate conception; but war, in the thousand ramifications of its influence, was the germ of them all. We have, in a late number, pretty fully illustrated this point; but we give a few items more from the work before us.

“The only excursion which my short stay in the French capital allowed me to make, was to *Versailles*, where Louis XIII built a hunting-seat in the midst of a forest thirty miles in circumference, and which Louis XIV enlarged into a palace, at the most enormous expense that ever was lavished in Europe upon a similar undertaking. It is acknowledged to have cost a *thousand million of francs*

(\$200,000,000), a sum sufficient to have built a city of 8,000 houses, at an average cost of \$25,000, and that at a time when money was worth more than three times as much as it is now.

"It appears from authentic sources, that during the French revolutionary war, which broke out in 1793 and lasted till 1802, Great Britain expended 464 millions of pounds, or about 2,320 millions of dollars. The war against Bonaparte began in 1803, and ended in 1815. During those twelve years of extravagance and carnage, she spent the enormous sum of 1159 millions!!—771 millions of which, were raised by taxes. Yes, *seven hundred, seventy-one millions of pounds*, or about 3,759 millions of dollars were paid into the treasury, by the people, in twelve years!—that is to say, about \$312,000,000 annually,—or more than \$800,000 per day!! Thus the expenditures of Great Britain, in these wars, during twenty years, amounted to 1623 millions of pounds, or 8000 millions of dollars!"

THE BEST SIDE OF WAR.

"*Greenwich Hospital.* The number of invalid pensioners in this institution, is about *twenty-five hundred*. I saw a great many of them, sitting and walking about the premises, as happy as men can be who have nothing to do, and are sure of being well taken care of, while they live, at the public expense. The Admiral showed me some of their sitting rooms, and sleeping apartments, where every thing is kept as clean and comfortable as any one could desire; and, it being their dinner hour, he took me into one or two of their great dining halls. Each of these halls is large enough to accommodate several hundreds. They come in quietly, and take their places. At an appointed signal, they rise, and one of them craves a blessing, when they are plentifully served with meat and vegetables, and other wholesome food. Some of them are very aged, and most of them are quite in the evening of life.

"But, munificent as the government is in providing for these dismembered and aged invalids, and giving them a palace and almost a paradise to live and die in, it is very affecting to stand in the midst of them at their meals, and to see them hobbling along the walks, or sitting helpless in their rooms, one having lost an arm, another a leg, another an eye, and some both legs, or both arms, in the murderous battles which cleft down so many of their companions by their side. In Greenwich Hospital you see the brightest side of war, which human ingenuity and benevolence can present. But even here, how afflictive and how sickening does it appear. What if these men are now fed and clothed by a grateful country? What if they are made as comfortable as such invalids can be made? Still, how much have they suffered in every sea, and upon every shore. How much do they now suffer. How much of their blood has the demon of war drunk from their ghastly wounds, and their amputated limbs! O war, war! What a scourge,—what a curse,—what a picture of human depravity!

"I do not undertake to say, that the blood of all the wars in which these poor men were so mangled and tortured, is found in their country's skirts. One thing, however, is as well settled in my mind, as the first commandment. Every war, in which these pensioners

have worn out their lives, and poured out their blood, was *wicked*, enormously *wicked*, on one side, or the other, or both. While therefore we give thanks to God, that such institutions as this exist, let us not overlook the crimson guilt that renders them necessary, nor cease to pray, that the reign of universal peace may soon appropriate them to other purposes.

"*Chelsea Hospital* stands on the north bank of the Thames, about as far above London, as Greenwich is below; and it is for the army, what Greenwich is for the navy. The buildings and grounds are very inferior, and the number of pensioners, I believe, is not so large here as there. Superannuated and decrepid soldiers, however, are as well taken care of in the one, as sailors in the same condition are in the other; while in *this*, as well as in *that*, 'the halt, the maimed, and the blind,' present to the eye of the Christian philanthropist, an affecting picture of the miseries of war."

MORAL INFLUENCE OF WAR.

War and the Sabbath. "I spent the Sabbath in Windsor, and was told, that the king would review his guards, as usual on Sundays, at 10 o'clock, in front of the castle. It was near my lodgings. Should I steal out, and see how the king of a great Christian nation appears, on the parade ground, when the bells are ringing for religious service? What a spectacle! What a startling defiance of that edict of the King of kings, *Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy*. What an example,—what an influence to emanate from the British throne, and flow down upon all classes of the people! I might have seen it; and who in America would ever have known that I gratified my curiosity at the expense of my religion? But *conscience* would have known it,—*heaven* would have known it; and *the great day* would have declared it."

War and Intemperance. "With reference to the prevalence of intemperance and crime in the military service, going back as far as 1813, and coming down to 1833, Capt. Thomas H. Davis, a half pay officer, testified before the committee, that he had been 20 years in the service;—that he had served in the East Indies, in the West Indies, at Gibraltar, and at Nova-Scotia;—that he could not recollect *a single instance* of a man brought before him, in his own company, or before a court martial, whose crime did not originate in drunkenness;—that it is often difficult to find a sufficient number of sober men in a whole regiment, for non-commissioned officers;—that he never found a soldier insolent, but under the effects of liquor, and that 99 out of 100 cases of punishment in the army, take place in consequence of drunkenness;—that by officers generally, a refusal to take the ration, would be conceived to proceed from an insubordinate spirit, and that he had heard officers reprove men for refusing to drink their grog;—that in every barrack, there is a canteen (in other words a grog shop), which is put at auction, and let to the highest bidder;—that in Cork, the canteen pays £300 a year for the exclusive privilege of selling spirits and other liquors to the soldiers, and that this is a government perquisite;—that the canteen sometimes interferes with the liberty of a soldier, as on St. Nicholas Island, in Plymouth sound, where, if the men were not retained, so

as to purchase large quantities of spirits, the canteen-man would not pay the government so much as it demands for his license;—that an officer was lately obliged to place a guard over the canteen in Cork barracks, to keep his regiment in a fit condition to march out the next morning;—and that he was told of a regiment in Barbadoes, which, being ordered for inspection the following morning, a sergeant, or non-commissioned officer, sat up in every room, all night, and every man was retained as far as possible in the barrack yard, and yet by six o'clock in the morning, there were upwards of 70 men drunk. Lieut. Col. Stanhope, testified before the same committee, that *nine-tenths* of the murders, and other crimes of great enormity, committed by British soldiers in India, are induced by drunkenness; and that generally, the crimes for which men are flogged in the army, originate from the same cause."

War-Preparations.—Woolwich Arsenal. "A glance at the *Arsenal* from the heights on which the barracks stand, shows you that it is an immense establishment; but so much of it is concealed by the high wall that you can form no adequate conception what a fearful magazine of human slaughter it is, till you are admitted by the proper officer within the enclosure. The first few moments after you pass the gate, are moments of utter astonishment. You had read of the vast parks of artillery in the wars of Bonaparte; and, as Woolwich is the principal British armory for land service, you had expected to see several hundred, or possibly, some two or three thousand pieces of cannon, large and small, in the main yard. But instead of this, you behold acres and acres of ground, covered with field-pieces, and howitzers, and mortars, lying in rows, side by side, as near together as they can be placed, with just room enough for one man to walk between the rows in taking care of them. I shuddered as I passed along, and thought how all these open-mouthed instruments of death might, and probably would be employed; and coming up to a fine train of brass pieces, which were taken at the battle of Waterloo, I asked an officer of rank, who was standing by, how many cannon there were in this arsenal. "*Twenty-seven thousand*," he replied coolly. So ignorant was I of these matters, that I had hardly supposed there were so many in the whole British empire. Yet here they were before my eyes,—TWENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND pieces of ordnance in this single enclosure,—all now reposing peacefully in their places, to be sure; but ready to be waked up at any moment, and to pour forth such an iron storm as nothing could withstand. And yet it required more to satisfy the pride, or forethought, I know not which, of the government; for in the shops, they were casting, boring and turning new and beautiful patterns."

Lord Burleigh on the military profession. "I cannot consent," he says, in a letter to his son Robert, "that thou shalt train up thy sons in war. For he that sets up his nest to live by that profession, can hardly be an honest man, or a good Christian."